

# MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •

July-August 1943





*President Penaranda, of Bolivia, visits the Maryknoll which is sending priests and Sisters to his country. With him is Father John J. Considine, Maryknoll's new Vicar General*

## **Maryknoll welcomes the Bolivian President**

**W**E WERE signally honored in welcoming to Maryknoll General Enrique Penaranda, President of the Republic of Bolivia, who interrupted his official tour of the United States to visit us. His party included Pierre de L. Boal, Ambassador to Bolivia, whose kindness to our missionaries in Bolivia has been outstanding.

In the absence of Bishop Walsh, Father Considine thanked the President for the kind reception given to Maryknoll missionaries by the people of Bolivia.

President Penaranda replied:

*"As spokesman for the people of Bolivia, I extend to Maryknoll our deep appreciation of the work your missionaries are doing in our country. We regard you, not as strangers, but as friends and spiritual fathers."*

Later the President visited the Motherhouse of the Maryknoll Sisters, where he met the four Sisters who will shortly leave for Bolivia. He assured them of a warm welcome by his people.

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*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*



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**"All men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights."**

**The Declaration of Independence directs these words to the United States; Christendom directs them to the entire world. Are we doing our part to further the rights of all men?**

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*American planes scale lofty Tibet on the China-Burma-India run*

## **Flight over Tibet**

by REV. MARK A. TENNIEN

**I**N THE central part of Asia, there is a forbidden country. So isolated are its people, few of them know that, in the world around them and below them, men are engaged in a global war. The land is an eagle nest—high in the clouds—that disdainfully ignores the world.

It is protected by snowy ramparts that discourage approach. To the south, the Himalayas stand guard against the plains of India, and they bend around to shelter the country's western flank. The high Kuenlun Mountains stand as sentinels to the north. On the eastern borders are sharp mountains, twelve to fifteen thousand feet high, and gorged by three parallel rivers that feed on the snows. They form the country's defense lines on the east. This land, hemmed around with mountains that hold constant rendezvous with the clouds, is called Tibet.

The Blue, the Mekong, and the Salween are the rivers that come rushing

out of this inhospitable region. Where these rivers run out into the flat country, they have seen soldiers from Great Britain, America, China, and Japan warring along their banks. The Blue turns to the Yangtze; but the Mekong and the Salween have drunk the blood of the fighting men and have carried their corpses out to sea. They have known the battles of P-40's and Zeros. Shadows of dozens of transport planes, fighters, and bombers daily skip across these rivers on the China-Burma-India run. But though the war skirts the lowlands, the highland people of Tibet live on as before, ignoring the world below them as long as it stays apart.

The paths and trails that lead into this forbidden country are jealously guarded. Until this century, explorers bold enough to go behind the veil paid with their lives or were expelled.

After the English campaign had pushed its way into Tibet, forty years ago, the veil of mystery was pulled aside



a bit. Reports by Waddell, Rockhill, Sven Hedin, and others have given us some knowledge of the ways and lives of these people. But no foreigner has ever settled down to pass a lifetime, or even a long period, there, except Catholic missionaries.

### ***Roots in stubborn soil***

Not long ago I was in an airplane that headed south from Chungking over the China-Tibet border. I recalled the heroic annals of Catholic mission work among the Tibetans. A hundred years ago, less three, the country of Tibet was assigned to the Paris Foreign Mission Fathers, because it was thought to be most accessible from western China, where they were working. For almost a hundred years, they have been knocking at the gates of Tibet; often getting inside the land of mystery; almost as often being pitched out. In 1857 a bishop was appointed for Lhasa, but he never reached there.

In one of the recurrent border wars, the Chinese Army pushed the Tibetan frontier back many hundred miles. The Catholic missionaries were working along the border. One missionary moved into Tibet and established a mission at Tsakha, more often called Yerkalo. In later years the Tibetans took back the territory, but the little mission had so much incorporated itself within the community that it was permitted to stay on. It has since suffered from periodic persecutions. In

1877, there were five hundred Christians inside Tibet. At the beginning of this century, Tibetan Christians numbered twelve hundred and seventy.

These converts had been bought at a price, because every now and then a missionary had paid with his life. Early in this century, England entered Tibet and mastered the inhabitants by superior force. As a result, Father Brioux was killed on the banks of the Blue, near Batang. The lamas said that he had invited the English to invade their country. Father Musso was taken prisoner at the mission of Lentzy, tied to a pillar, beaten, and eventually killed. Father Soule was pursued by the lamas and caught. They led him to the River Blue, stripped him, beat him with thorn bushes, and shot him to death. Other priests along the Tibetan border were shot with poisoned arrows. Scores of converts were massacred with the missionaries.

But a few months, or a few years,

after each storm of opposition to the missions found the priests back within the borders of Tibet. Each time the roots of Christianity were pushed a little deeper into this stubborn soil.

### ***The hermit of Yerkalo***

Today there is only one Catholic missionary at Yerkalo, inside Tibet. Father Burdin has been there since Father Nussbaum, another French priest, was killed by brigands in 1940. Father Burdin sees a white man about



*Father Mark A. Tennien, of Vermont, represents Maryknoll missionaries in Chungking*

on an average of once a year.

Yerkalo is in wild country, ten days' journey up the Mekong River from the border mission of Kunming (China). For over six months of the year, Yerkalo is snowbound, and Father Burdin receives no mail. He wears fur-lined clothing, eats salted meat, and drinks a concoction of tea and yak butter. This latter beverage was offered by the Tibetans a century ago to the celebrated traveler, Abbé Huc.

### **A strange monument**

The next lap of the journey was to take us over "the hump," as the upper, mountainous reaches of Burma are called. Here we were in Japanese-controlled territory. The pilot and co-pilot kept leaning forward to scan the skies for a possible Japanese pursuit plane. Below was dense, wooded jungle, and the mountains were an unbroken carpet of foliage. I was glad when, after a few hours' flying, we got away from the mountains and dropped to the balmy air over the tea plantations of north-east India.

We were in the air again before six

the next morning. As we watched Mount Everest in the morning sun, I thought of Father Anthony and Brother Maques, the first Europeans to penetrate into the land of mystery beyond. In 1624 these Portuguese crossed the Himalayas and were well received by the Governor of Tibet, but after five years a revolution drove them out. From 1635 to 1640, they tried again, but had to abandon the mission work in Tibet. I thought also of Father Penna and the group of Capuchins who went to Lhasa in 1707. The mission work continued there until the Mongols invaded Tibet in 1716. Then the Capuchins were forced to flee. In 1745 a revolution again drove the missionaries out.

How many converts these courageous pioneers had we do not know, but there still exists in Tibet's sacred city a strange monument to their work. The bell in the entrance of one of the great Buddhist temples at Lhasa today has engraved upon it the Catholic *Te Deum* hymn of Saint Ambrose, "We Praise Thee, O God!" Sitting behind this Catholic bell, yellow-robed lamas chant their pagan prayers!



Over 500,000 copies of that very unusual novel, *The Song of Bernadette*, have been sold in the United States. It is being made into a motion picture, soon to be released. The author, Franz Werfel, a European refugee, found shelter at Lourdes for several weeks in the terrible summer of 1940. He says:

"One day in my great distress I made a vow. I vowed that if I escaped from this desperate situation and reached the saving shores of America, I would put off all other tasks and sing, as best I could, the song of Bernadette. This book is the fulfillment of my vow. . . . I have dared to sing the song of Bernadette, although I am not a Catholic, but a Jew; and I drew courage for this undertaking from a far older and far more unconscious vow of mine. Even in days when I wrote my first verses I vowed that I would evermore and everywhere in all I wrote magnify the divine mystery and the holiness of man—careless of a period which has turned away with scorn and rage and indifference from these ultimate values of our mortal lot."



*A gracious welcome awaits Maryknollers in the jungle homes of Bolivia*

## ***The jungle that never forgets***

by REV. GERARD GRONDIN

"WHERE shall I fasten the hammocks, Padre?" inquired my fourteen-year-old interpreter.

We had embarked on one of Bolivia's flat-bottomed river boats, which was to take us to a Brazilian settlement on the Bolivian side of the River Acre. I was to hear confessions there, say Mass, and tie the knot at a wedding. Manuel's job was to translate Portuguese into Spanish, leaving me to do my best with whatever I knew of the latter language.

"You might as well tie the hammocks up here," I decided, indicating an aisle of three or four feet between flour sacks, sugar bags, and cases of beer.

We washed our faces in the river, wrapped our mosquito nets around the hammocks, and settled down comfortably for the night.

Fourteen hours later we pulled up at Baturite, where the guests had gathered for the wedding. It was a gala affair, which in our Bolivian jungles means a

day and an entire night of *fiesta*. A medium-sized bull and two large pigs had been cooked for the banquet.

An Indian by the name of Carlos spoke Spanish very well and felt it his duty to entertain me.

"You see this snake, Padre," he said, exhibiting a dead reptile some ten feet long. "Well, he almost got me. I was coming here through the jungle when I tripped on what I thought was a branch. I tried to get up, but my trouser leg was caught, caught on the fangs of this ugly old fellow. But I was able to get two bullets into him, *gracias a Dios!*"

"If you would not mind leaving the feast for a while, I should like to see some of the jungle around Baturite," I suggested.

Carlos was more than willing. "There is something not far from here that will interest the Padre," he promised.

We headed deep into the woods and

walked for half an hour. Carlos announced that we had arrived, but I could see nothing but the lush jungle foliage.

The Indian crossed over to a clump of giant grasses. As he parted them, I saw a large piece of rusty machinery, strangely out of place in the green solitude.

"Some white man came here to get rich on cane, corn, yucca, and the labor of my people," said Carlos bitterly. "Well, the jungle did not want him; the jungle loves the red man. So it crushed the greedy white man, and his dream of wealth is all forgotten."

The outburst was unexpected and left me a little uncomfortable. As I said nothing, Carlos looked around at me. A fact he must have completely forgotten dawned on him in that moment.

He smiled at me affectionately. "The jungle does not hate all the white men, Padre," he said reassuringly. "We will go back to Baturite by another trail, and you shall see where the jungle has guarded for many years the memory of a white man."

### ***The jungle as friend***

We started out in another direction, and I barely escaped being hit on the head by some sort of nut dropped by a chattering, indignant monkey. At length we reached a clearing, in the midst of which stood a small but strongly built house. Diminutive, but well-kept, plantations surrounded the dwelling; and livestock of various kinds were everywhere in evidence.



*Father Grondin finds Bolivian forests denser and darker than those of his native Maine*

Carlos raised his voice. "José! Rosa!" he called. "Come quickly—a Padre is here."

An Indian with a wise, kind face, followed by a stocky woman, answered his call. Behind them came Indian boys and girls of various ages and confusing quantity.

My welcome was so joyous and hospitable that, before I could tell how it came about, I found myself in the best room of the house in the Amazonian wilderness.

"The Padre must have a cup of coffee," the good mother was saying.

I did not at once answer, for there, before my eyes, was the jungle's secret. A small altar, adorned, immaculate, waiting for the Great Sacrifice.

"Twenty years ago a Padre came here and said Mass for us," the father of the family explained. "We have always kept the altar ready for the next priest who would come to us. The Padre will say Mass here tomorrow morning?" he concluded anxiously.

I nodded, my heart too full for words.

Carlos beamed over at me in glad triumph. "You see, Padre, I was right!" he exulted. "The jungle keeps the memory of the white man who comes to bring Christ to its children. All through the country of the red men, there are other altars waiting for the priests, altars that the jungle has guarded. Tell the priests in your country, Padre, that the jungle and the Indians have waited many, many years for them to come."

## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



The horse-trading instinct is sadly lacking in Father Regan. That is one of the curses, no doubt, of the automobile age.

The other day Father Regan hired a new helper to lend his brawn to the many chores around our Laipo compound. Later in the day, when we took our usual walk around the grounds to see that everything was shipshape before closing down, we noticed that the new helper, although very industrious, had a decided limp.

"When I hired him," Father Regan said, "he was standing still."

—Father Edwin J. McCabe,  
of Providence, R. I.,  
now in Laipo, China

Father Sprinkle's household is in deep mourning these days. The friendliness of his next-door neighbors gave him many happy moments of "back-fence visiting." A Japanese bomb landed in the neighbors' yard a few days ago and killed fifteen persons. It blew a corner of Father Sprinkle's house away—the corner, incidentally, where the Bishop used to stay.

The house, of course, can be replaced, but it is sad to lose good friends.

—Father Edward L. Krumpelmann,  
of St. Paul, Minn.,  
now in Kongmoon, China

"My day" in Chungsun—Air-raid alarm at breakfast. Left my steaming coffee to remove the Blessed Sacrament—just in case. No planes came. Back to my cold coffee. . . . Am presented with a chow pup. . . . Checked incoming supplies—Mass wine, coal, oil, sugar. . . . Baptized another soldier. . . . One of our bicycles stolen. Cook chased the thief, but no luck. . . . Sick call after dark. The coffin mak-

er's wife is dying. Family gave me six eggs when I left. . . . And so to bed!

—Father George L. Krock,  
of Cleveland, Ohio,  
now in Chungsun, China

The mosquitoes down here are of the Commando type. They are tough *hombres*. In addition to their belligerent nature, they pack a dangerous cargo of malaria which makes the process of sleeping anything but pleasant and refreshing. Being tender-skinned *norteamericanos*, we seem to offer an attractive *pièce de résistance* to our nightly visitors.

Since our arrival here, we have been experimenting with a fool-proof type of mosquito bar, but until recently we have not had much success. Our present contraption is a combination of a New England four-poster bed, plus several accessories which form an efficient framework for the mosquito netting.

Our local furniture marts picked up the four-poster idea with much enthusiasm. The problem is not entirely solved as yet, however. The mosquitoes appear to have entered into an alliance with the termites. The latter hack away at the foundations while the fuzzy blitz bombers hover around hungrily.

At present we are awaiting a shipment of cedar, almost the only type of wood which offers sufficient resistance to termite teeth. Father O'Rourke (at times I question his veracity) said that the other night he saw a giant-sized mosquito wearing a sombrero.

Yours for bigger and better Flit guns.

—Father John M. Martin,  
of Milwaukee, Wis.,  
now in Central America

## Honorable Mother

by REV. JOSEPH L. FARNEN

AH CHAI deposited her burden affectionately in the rear of the Ngai Moon chapel. Her strong young arms had carried the little old lady with willing ease.

"Shall you be all right for an hour, Lo Mo?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," Lo Mo assured her, with a smile that was somehow beautiful in spite of the terrible havoc wrought by leprosy on her once-lovely face. "Go now for your treatment. An hour will pass very quickly here."

Ah Chai stepped out briskly into the South China sunshine and hurried towards the dispensary. Her case was not a serious one, and she had every hope of a cure. On the other hand, Lo Mo was in the last stages of the dread malady. Her hands and feet were mere stumps. How could the old lady be so tranquilly happy?

"I wonder why everyone calls her Lo Mo, 'Honorable Mother'?" the girl asked herself.

### *A voluntary castaway*

As a matter of fact, the Maryknoll Fathers who directed the Ngai Moon leper colony had first bestowed this title on their most patient sufferer. They alone knew that she had once presided over a wealthy household in Sunwui, as the wife of a successful merchant and the proud mother of a beloved little daughter.

That had been almost half a century ago. Lo Mo was close on seventy now, and her daughter's children were grown men and women.

In the lepers' chapel, Lo Mo meditated peacefully. The presence of other worshippers was in no way a distraction. She was glad they were there, but her

attention was all for the Dweller in the Tabernacle. She began her daily conversation with God.

"That was a frightful moment when I first discovered the white spots on my arm," she reminded her Friend. "I poured boiling water on them and pricked them with a needle, but there was no sensation. Then I knew that, at the age of twenty, I was a leper.

"People would shun my husband and kill his business if they found out his wife was a leper. This I knew only too well. There was still a chance that my baby girl had not been infected. My duty was clear. I had to disappear and lose myself forever. I am not saying I did not think of killing myself. I was so young, my life had been so happy, and I loved my baby. On the other hand, the future promised nothing but horror."

The little old lady paused a moment, then smiled full at the tabernacle.

"But You were there, even though I did not know You then," she continued. "You did not let me kill myself."

The reels of memory went on unwinding themselves. Lo Mo saw herself stealing out of her own home by night, afraid even to hold her baby in a farewell embrace. She still recalled how in the evening she had given her pet song-bird extra food and water, and the little creature had perched trustfully on her hand. She remembered, too, how heart-breakingly beautiful her garden had been in the moonlight.

There had followed the lonely journeying northwards, the nights spent in a ditch or in an open field. After a week, the little store of food she had taken with her was exhausted. There remained only to return to the traveled



highways; and she, who had been waited on by many servants since birth, had been obliged to sit by the roadside and beg.

Outside the city of Canton, she had found a colony of leper outcasts. She had joined them, and shared their squalor and misery for twenty-five years.

#### **From a bamboo thicket**

"At the end of that time," Lo Mo told her Listener, "I decided to return to Sunwui. I was so disfigured by then, I knew no one could recognize me. So I begged my way back.

"One afternoon I slipped past my former gatekeeper when his back was turned, and crept along inside our garden wall. I hid in a bamboo thicket. After a while a young woman and three children came out of the house. I had no difficulty in recognizing the young mother as my daughter. I almost died in the bamboo thicket that time, dear Friend, from the joy and sorrow of that sight.

"Things grew worse and worse with my body after that. It began to be impossible for me to take care of myself. I had not gone back to Canton, but had drifted to a leper camping ground in an abandoned cemetery outside Sunwui. The end appeared near. I did not know then that it was so soon to be the beginning, my ever-blessed Lord.

"You came when the Maryknoll Fathers began to visit us. I learned to know You, and I was baptized in the little matchless chapel the priests had put up in the cemetery. When the Maryknoll leper asylum was built here at Ngai Moon, the Spiritual Fathers moved me to it. So, here I am, dear Friend. Who could be more fortunate than I?"

#### **Lo Mo has her way**

Lo Mo's meditation and conversation had reached this usual climax when a tall missionary came out of the sacristy and looked around the chapel. His kind, keen eyes soon discovered the little old lady, and he went towards her.

"Lo Mo," he said, "I wonder if you ought to attend Mass every morning now? I thought you looked very ill today."

"But, *Shen Fu*, I want to thank God every single day for all He has done for me," she protested.

Father Sweeney smiled. "Have it your own way, Lo Mo," he conceded. "That black gown is very becoming. I almost believe you wear it to set off the beautiful crucifix Father Burke gave you. Now that I think of it, you are dressed just like one of our Chinese Sisters!"

Lo Mo's cup of happiness overflowed. "Oh, Father," she exclaimed, "such an honor! I am not worthy of all my Friend gives me!"



#### **This shrunken globe**

Today, wherever you live, no spot on the whole earth is farther away than 60 hours from your local airport. Note that many large cities, once far distant from each other, are now separated by only a day and a half, or less, in time:

<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Surface time</i>	<i>Air time</i>
New York	Chungking, China	11,300 mi. 31 days	7500 mi. 38 hrs.
New York	Moscow, Russia	5700 mi. 8 days	4525 mi. 23 hrs.
New York	London, England	3700 mi. 5 days	3462 mi. 17 hrs.
San Francisco	Brisbane, Australia	8200 mi. 21 days	7050 mi. 35 hrs.
Chicago	Fairbanks, Alaska	4090 mi. 8 days	2730 mi. 14 hrs.

## Friends in the service

ALMOST every delivery these days brings us service mail from Maryknoll friends "somewhere in —." Among recent letters was one from Captain Richard L. Harris, of Rye, New York, hero of Tunisia's Hill 523.

The captain accompanied his "Hello!" to us with a money order for the support of a Maryknoll missionary. This gallant young American on the firing line in Tunisia had not forgotten his missionary, also on the "firing line," in China.

Captain Harris graduated not so long ago from Georgetown University. He has helped the work of Maryknoll for over ten years. In Tunisia he was aide to his general, but asked to be relieved

from that post in order to go into the front lines with his company.

Some days after receiving Dick's letter, we read of his outstanding courage, in *The New York Times*:

"Last Saturday morning, Harris and his company, behind Mateur, in Tunisia, were . . . in a wheat field at the bottom of Hill 523. The enemy were firing down with mortars and machine guns. The Americans crawled up the hill, first by twos and threes, then one at a time, to get those guns. None came back. Harris's men were cut off from the rest of the unit. The Germans came down the hill in three attacks. . . . Things got to a point where . . . it looked as though Harris and his company were done for.

"At this point, Private (now Corporal) Joseph Krchnavy, of Breckenridge, Pa., rigged a telephone line from the artillery to Harris's position, and Harris was able to direct the fire of the guns in his support. . . . So one has the picture of Lieutenant Harris, under continuous fire, talking mathematics to the American gunners. After dark, Lieutenant Harris and what was left of his company pulled out. But, as we

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*"Nice work, Captain," said the General, as he promoted on the spot Lieutenant (now Captain) Richard L. Harris, of Rye, New York*



now know, the Germans didn't hold Hill 523 long.

"The general commanding in this sector drove on Sunday to regimental headquarters, where the then Lieutenant Harris's men were resting beside the crashing field guns that were shelling Mateur. The general went up to Lieutenant Harris, who had gone into the fight, and said: 'Nice work, Captain.' It was promotion on the spot."

### **Miss America at War**

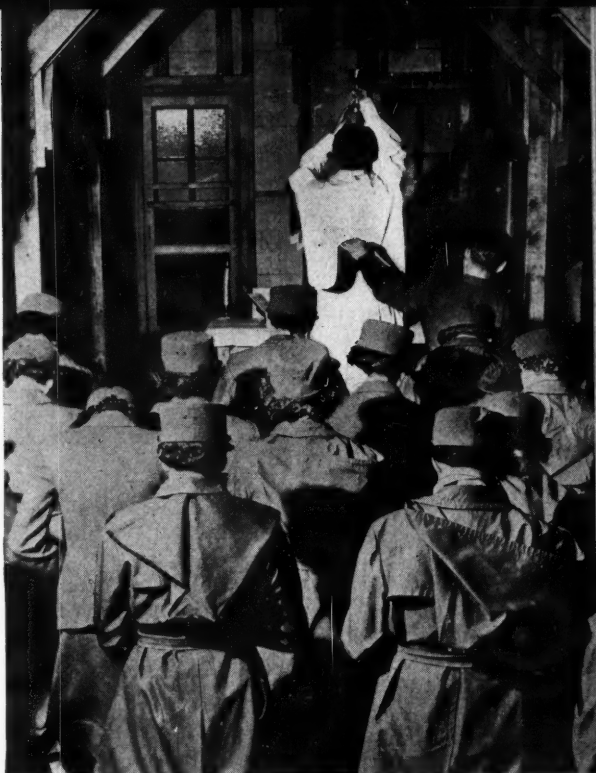
It is impossible to estimate how many typewriters, sewing machines, teachers' desks and bridge tables are left idle in the United States these days. Since Miss America went to war, peacetime occupations have acquired a new "low" in woman-power. Social life is arranged to conform with the slim hours of leave from government encampments and the stringent limitations of ration books. Even the fashions of the day reflect the spirit of duty and the young ladies, trim and efficient, with lower heels and higher chins, have developed a look of determination and pride in their work.

Each member of the women's service represents a man at the fighting front. Although the Waacs, Waves and Spars do not carry arms, they occupy posts of duty which formerly demanded a large percentage of the country's man-power.

Some months ago one of the Waacs wrote to us to the effect that she would like to be of some help to her Church as well as her country. Her salary in the service amounted to forty-nine dollars a month, out of which she paid six dollars for insurance, leaving a total of forty-

three dollars. She reasoned that if she could keep herself in theatre tickets and chewing gum on forty-three dollars, she could do it just as well on forty. The remaining three dollars go, each month, to the support of a Maryknoll missionary. Three dollars, incidentally, support the missionary's house and travel program for three full days.

Many of Maryknoll's friends and supporters have entered some branch of their country's service. We are edified by their continued interest in the work of the world-wide Church. In a number of instances they have had an opportunity to observe the foreign missionary in his own field of activity, and are impressed with the fact that the missionary remains at his post for life.



*A group of Waacs are attending Mass before departure for foreign service somewhere in North Africa*



## A funeral and a bombing

by REV. GEORGE L. KROCK

**H**OW almost gay a Chinese funeral can be! The mourners, garbed in white, were going ahead of me into the cemetery. They were waving banners, plucking stringed instruments, shooting firecrackers, and clashing cymbals. Suddenly, above all the din, I heard the hum of airplanes. Glancing back, I saw two enemy planes approaching.

The people looked up anxiously, while silence fell over the little graveyard. We came to the grave and I began to bless it, but the mourners' eyes were on the planes. The hum became a roar, and the shadow of a plane crossed the coffin. Panic seized the crowd; most of the people fled.

The plane went straight for Chungsun, and I saw it dive. The air shook

with a thundering concussion. The other plane also started to dive and bomb. I counted the bombs as they went off, and decided to get back to Chungsun as quickly as possible. If the mission should catch fire, I wanted to be there to save my few belongings.

I managed to have the coffin lowered into the grave, jumped on my bicycle, and hurried toward home.

### *Death stalks in a ricefield*

Nine bombs, ten bombs—and the rattle of machine guns in between! The planes were circling around the valley. When I was halfway to town, one of them sighted me in the open expanse and came back. I dropped my bicycle in the middle of the road and dived into

a ricefield. The pilot circled low, but he could not see me.

I made a quick Act of Contrition, watching meanwhile his every move. Finally he turned and went back over the village. He circled over it four times, machine guns blazing all the while. Lest he return and find me, I started again for home, fearing the worst.

But it was not too bad. The planes had bombed only the gasoline trucks, which were now fiercely burning across the river. One piece of shrapnel had pierced our roof and fallen into the yard. Pieces of tile and dust lay on the floors. Plaster was all over my room, and the boards were loosened. No windows were broken.

### ***Songbirds pipe up again***

I sat down. It was noon, and I had not yet eaten. I realized that playing tag with machine gunners while one is still fasting is altogether too strenuous an exercise. Since it was time for lunch, I opened a can of sardines.

Two hours before, bombs had been

splashing shrapnel into the river. Now all was quiet. Men were tranquilly fishing, and birds were singing!

I have placed two pieces of shrapnel at Our Lady's feet, to remind Her to watch over my people.

### **Salvage incorporated**

A FILIPINO doctor and his wife are with Father Sweeney and Father Farnen at the Maryknoll leper colony in South China. Dr. and Mrs. Bagalawis are resolved to help the lepers, despite the proximity of Japanese soldiers, the recurring typhoons, and lack of food.

The staff of the leper colony prepared a hide-away in a mountain cave. Dr. and Mrs. Bagalawis moved their precious wedding linen into the cave. Then came the wet season and the white ants.

Mrs. Bagalawis salvaged the remains, and the little children of the leper colony benefited by the disaster. Out of what was left of her tablecloths, linens, and frocks, Mrs. Bagalawis made suits and dresses for the children.



### **Changes in the Maryknoll Council**

FATHER JOHN J. CONSIDINE, known to our readers by his numerous mission publications, has been elected Vicar General of Maryknoll, in the place left vacant by Father Drought's death. Father Considine came to Maryknoll from New Bedford, Massachusetts. After his ordination, in 1923, he had charge for a decade of the Society's House of Studies in Rome. While in Rome, he founded the *Fides News Service* for the Catholic missions of the world. Since 1934, Father Considine has been a member of the Maryknoll General Council.

The new member elected to the General Council is Father Thomas J. Malone, of New York City. After his ordination as a Maryknoll priest, in 1929, Father Malone served as professor in our Preparatory Seminary. In 1934, he was assigned to the Maryknoll Kaying Vicariate, in South China. He was recalled from China to take charge of the Society's Novitiate in Bedford, Massachusetts.

The present members of the General Council are: Bishop James E. Walsh, Father John J. Considine, Father Thomas V. Kiernan, Father Charles F. McCarthy, and Father Thomas J. Malone.

We ask your prayers for their work of guiding and directing Maryknoll.

# Fiesta

by REV. J. A. FLAHERTY

"DON'T YOU KNOW it is *fiesta* time, Padre?" asked Juanita. "No one wants to learn the catechism today!"

I had been ringing the sacristy bell long and loudly through the empty streets of Villa Victoria, to call the young folks to doctrine class, when I encountered Juanita and two of her admirers. The girl was slender in spite of overlapping layers of brilliantly colored skirts. Joy of living flashed from her dark eyes. She had discarded the conventional derby of Aymara womenfolk for a headdress of flowers.

Juanita's two swains, Miguel and Esteban, were, I judged, about nineteen. Both carried a *fiesta* bouquet of flowers for—Juanita?

That damsel accompanied her re-





mark to me with a pitying toss of the head. How could the American Padre be so stupid?

"Come on! Hurry, hurry!" she admonished her companions.

Esteban took her by the arm. They executed a few dance steps, then headed for the *Campo*, the *fiesta* dancing field. But Miguel hung back.

"I'll help the Padre ring the little bell," he suggested.

"Stupid!" cried Juanita, stamping her foot. "If you do not come at once, I will never speak to you again!"

Miguel's broad face assumed the stolid immobility characteristic of the Aymara male. Taking the bell from my hand, he walked away from us, ringing it rhythmically.

Juanita cried after him, "Good-for-nothing! You do not care for the Padre's class; it is only that you are too fat and lazy to dance."

Esteban laughed and seized her again by the arm. Her smile, too, flashed out. They pirouetted away in the direction of the *Campo*. Miguel, I reflected, was the losing member of this Aymara "triangle."

From the rectory window, I could see the *Campo* and on it the Indians dancing tirelessly in the rare mountain air which makes a newcomer to Bolivia short-winded. The voluminous *fiesta* skirts of the Aymara women sparkled like rainbow lightning, as they whirled with their partners. A band of bamboo pipes, of crude drums, and of battered trumpets wailed forth a monotonous, out-of-this-world tune, accompanied



by the clapping hands of the dancers.

After dinner, my bell-ringer had not yet returned. I had business in La Paz. It took me by the fountain on the Pando where colored lights play on the spraying water. Sprawled in the sun was the missing Miguel, sacristy bell still clutched in one hand, the faded *fiesta* bouquet in the other.

A bystander saw me looking at the recumbent figure. He came over to tell me that Miguel had spent an hour trying to fill a bottle with the supposedly colored water.

"Gave up at last," laughed the stranger. "I suppose he's sleeping off the disappointment."

Juanita had been right about the laziness, I reflected. I reached down to reclaim the bell. Miguel awoke, favoring me with a slow smile. Then his eyes focused on the wilting flowers. He lumbered purposefully to his feet.

"Good evening, Padre," he said. "I must hurry to give Juanita her *fiesta* bouquet."

I looked after him, mystified. He was a persistent fellow, for all his laziness.

Later, in our front room at the mission I found a visitor. Esteban was kneeling before the statue of the Blessed Mother, and his drooping *fiesta* bouquet was at her feet.

He flashed his quick smile, so different from Miguel's. "Girls are all right to dance with, but only the *Madre de Dios* gets my *fiesta* bouquet!"

"Well!" I said to the Lady of Esteban's heart. "I suppose you knew about this, all the time."



*These children have shelter and rice, but millions in China—many from once-wealthy families—are starving and homeless*

## ***In terms of two billion***

by REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE

**O**UT of the two billion people on earth, it is estimated that four hundred million—or two in every ten—live each day without enough to eat. Of this same two billion, one billion two hundred million—or six persons in every ten—cannot read or write.

Does this touch you and me? Decid-

edly, yes. We cannot overlook these facts and be good Christians. Long before the "Four Freedoms," the Four Gospels made it a religious duty for us, and Catholic philosophy recognized it as our moral obligation, to give every individual on earth his fundamental rights. These include, among other

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things, the right to earn bread-and-butter for self and family, the right to learn enough to earn a living, and the further right to learn enough to live a normal human existence as a child of God and a citizen of the planet.

Once upon a time, we could successfully ignore these obligations so far as they concerned the world at large. We had no clear notion of how large mankind was, or in what condition it existed. But this vagueness is now taken from us. The World War and lightning communications crowd our minds with the full picture of the whole of men. A current instance is the journey of Wendell Willkie, who came back from his rounds of the earth to remind us that all mankind is just around the corner.

#### **World-wide thinking**

"The net impression of my trip," writes Mr. Willkie, "was not one of distance from other peoples, but of closeness to them. If I had ever had any doubts that the world has become small and completely interdependent, this trip would have dispelled them. . . . I cannot escape the conviction that in the future what concerns them must concern us. . . . Our thinking in the future must be world-wide."

Our traditional idea of the collection of peoples who occupy the earth has heretofore fitted the words of the Gryphon in *Alice in Wonderland*—"It's all about as curious as it can be!"

If someone had ventured to tell us that all men beneath their skins are very much alike, we should have been apt to reply: "So? You feel pretty close to the wild man of Borneo, do you? Or to the jungle men of Malaya or the Congo? Well, thank you, I don't!"

We have been thinking it over these days, however. We understand now that, of the two billion people of the earth, those of so-called advanced nations number some eight hundred millions; those of backward nations some

eleven hundred millions; while those who are really primitive or quasi-primitive total only one hundred million—a bare twentieth of the whole. Allowing for a fringe of strange types in certain backwaters of the earth, where men have not moved forward, the main body of mankind is substantially the same.

Even among the lowliest peoples, we have witnessed in modern times the spectacle of a single generation which, by education, has vaulted the cultural span of a thousand years.

I personally recall visits to native priests in Africa, who guide their people daily, who direct Christian life among their flocks wisely and well, who study cases of law and conscience from theology books which they take from their shelves for reference quite as would parish priests in London, or Paris, or Chicago. Yet the parents of these priests were so-called wild, untutored primitives, who worshiped fetishes in the African forests.

#### **Likenesses are striking**

It is not the differences, but the likenesses, among the two billion people of the earth which are most striking. We are in reality one, created equal in godly dignity, with equal claim to fundamental human rights.

Yet how far is mankind as a whole from possessing even a meager minimum of its rights, or of its needs for either this life or the next! Less than one third know Jesus Christ wholly or partially. Only a minority possess enough, in body or mind, to be free from physical suffering and deep ignorance. Only a small fraction of mankind—possibly ten or fifteen per cent—can be said to have attained, not great learning or great earthly wealth, but the minimum of material and intellectual possessions to which as men they are justly entitled. Between eighty-five and ninety per cent of mankind is still

without this minimum of its rights.

Taking as an example the matter of poverty, we may appreciate how colossal are its world proportions by glancing at the situation here at home. Authorities tell us that the poverty-stricken in the United States in normal times are "conservatively" twenty per cent of the population. That part of the population which in normal times has attained what the sociologists call the "health and comfort standard," that is, the possession of a modest sufficiency, is never above forty-five to fifty per cent of our one hundred thirty-five millions. If this is the case in our land of milk and honey, what of the vast classic lands of poverty out in Asia and Africa?

#### ***The problem can be solved***

Father Murray, the sociologist at the University of Notre Dame, gives us two principles of action regarding present-day world poverty: (1) We do wrong if we permit ourselves to decide fatalis-

tically that wide poverty is a necessary evil. (2) Society at large (that is, the whole of us as a group) is responsible for most of the world's poverty. These are both very practical points. The huge problem *can* be solved.

As good Catholics, we must assuage the world's suffering by giving alms through our priests at home and our missionaries abroad. Equally important is our duty to participate in every movement which by social and political action will improve the condition of men over the earth. Only by strong, concerted effort will great numbers of men be enabled to live better.

Let no one deceive us into believing that such action should be purely economic. Pope Leo XIII warns us expressly concerning this illusion. "The error is already very common," said this shrewd leader, "of considering the social question as merely an economic one. In point of fact, it is above all a moral and religious matter."

### ***Prayer for the children of China***

by REV. JAMES M. DROUGHT

**O** LORD OF HEAVEN, Who had compassion on the multitude, pity the children of China who are without food and without shelter, homeless in the land of their birth, and dying before they have lived to love Thee. Let the evils that have come upon them be softened by Thy Everlasting Mercy, and let the dark years of their cruel suffering be soon ended.

Lord of Heaven, once a little Child in the care of a tender Mother, remember now these children of China, and give them, dear Lord, we pray, the protection of Thy Divine Might, so that they, too, may grow in wisdom, age, and grace—for of such is Thy Kingdom of Heaven.

—*Imprimatur*:

✠ FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN, D.D.  
Archbishop, New York  
March 19, 1943

(Reprinted from the May issue)

## Public Friend Number One

by REV. MICHAEL H. O'CONNELL

**K**WEILIN, capital of Kwangsi Province, is the second city of Free China in size and importance, and the key city of present-day South China. It has taken into the warmth of its civic heart Monsignor John Romaniello, once of New Rochelle, New York, and his Maryknoll priests.

When the Monsignor first came to Kweilin, some seven years ago, it had eighty thousand inhabitants. Today the number has swelled to over four hundred thousand. As the war in China has rolled up the lower Yangtze valley, long lines of refugees—students, workers, officials—have come streaming into Kweilin's gates. The result of this great increase in population has been the mushrooming, in all parts of the city, of factories, universities, industries, and many other governmental and private institutions.

While all this was happening, the Catholic Church in Kweilin was far from static. It had a leader endowed with the foresight of a man sure of his work and bent on getting it done wisely and well. On the Monsignor's arrival here, the city's Catholics were so few and far between that he could almost count them on his

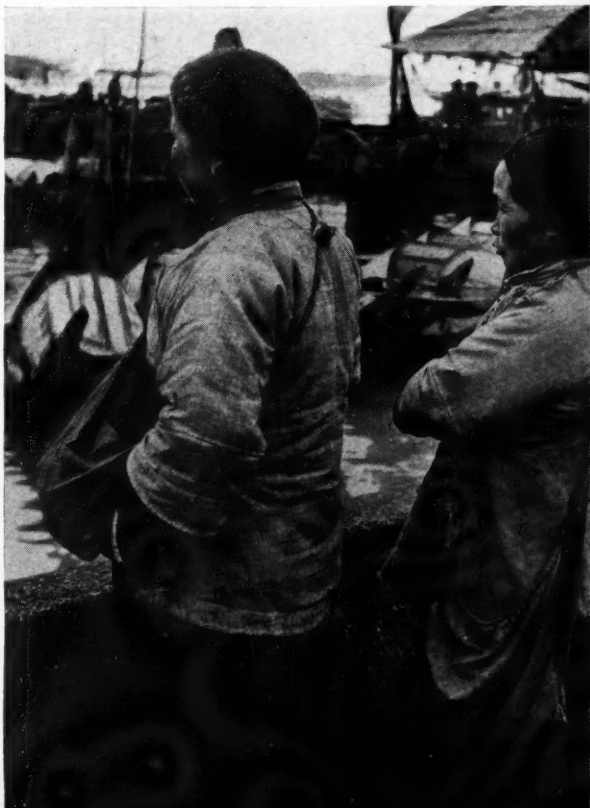
fingers. Today, if you want to attend the little midtown mission chapel, you have to be there early to get a seat.

The mission itself has been rebuilt from the rubble left after Japanese bombs had shredded the original building to bits. When this happened, Monsignor picked out his few remaining belongings from the debris and started for the water front.

"He is going home," said the Chinese.

But Monsignor wasn't going home. He hired a houseboat. "This is home," he said to his Chinese friends.

At once he opened a dispensary and started rice lines. Last year Monsignor and his priests gave 188,000 free treatments in this dispensary. Thousands



*Refugees arriving in Kweilin look anxiously for the building that has a cross over it*

were fed in the rice lines, and others who had lost everything in the bombings were given a new start in life.

During the past few difficult years of continual bombings and living from hand to mouth, Monsignor has been a great asset to Kweilin's morale. The Chinese, who are shrewd judges of character, admire his buoyancy and tireless, good-humored initiative.

People from Anwhei, Shantung, Hong Kong, Hupeh, Shanghai, and Chekiang stop in daily at the mission to talk with the Monsignor. Sometimes it is help they are looking for, sometimes it is advice, sometimes they have just come to say, "Hello!"

The young of Kweilin think well of the Monsignor, for he is still interested in what interests them. Last year the Monsignor's own basketball team won the league's trophy in a fighting finish that had the entire city on edge.

Asked by the staffs of the local universities to help them expand their curricula, Monsignor has invited the Jesuits from fallen Hong Kong to fill

some teaching posts. He is preparing the way for the Maryknoll Sisters to open a high school for girls. The young people taught by the Jesuits and the Sisters will furnish Catholic leadership for tomorrow.

At his mission center, the Monsignor keeps open house for all kinds of people of all nationalities. The United States Army arrives with a jeep or two. Foreign and Chinese businessmen, a newly arrived correspondent from an important paper, a coolie with a problem, missionaries from other sections—all get a hearing and a cup of coffee from the pot that is always kept on the stove.

"I've come here to help these people, and nothing is going to stop me from doing it," says the Monsignor.

Out of this determination is growing a strong Catholic center in a key city of China. The lighthearted Monsignor goes about gathering in souls with the ease of a Saint Francis.

Kweilin gives him and his Church the "Thumbs up!" salute, and votes him Public Friend Number One.

*Maryknollers have helped many refugee street merchants to get a new start in life*







*Padre (Pied Piper) Flaherty will never be lonesome in Bolivia*

## ***My boys in Bolivia***

*by* REV. FREDERICK P. WALKER

**I**T WAS towards evening. I was whipping together a snack of scrambled eggs for supper, when I happened to look out the window and saw Padre Flaherty returning from a sick call. His following was like a miniature parade. There were upwards of a hundred children swarming around him.

Some were asking questions; some were calling out, "Hey, Padre!"; and some simply kicking up dust on the road with their tough, bare feet. The Padre looked, for all the world, like a becassocked Pied Piper transplanted to the hills of Bolivia.

It is like that almost every day. Whenever we leave the rectory, our appearance is the signal for juvenile escort. The word spreads on the winds that the Padre is abroad and immediately the guard of honor assembles. Tattered, dirty, vociferous, and with large, lus-

trous eyes, they seem to us the nicest urchins in the world.

But these children are a worry as well as a joy. They have absolutely nothing to do. Close though they are to the city of La Paz, they are as carefree as their brethren in the remote sections of Bolivian jungles.

At the age when the children of the United States are entering the seventh and eighth grades, these Indian children of Bolivia begin to suffer the effects of irresponsibility and idleness.

Later, they drift into a lackadaisical occupation on a small farm, perform menial tasks, or are exploited by the foreign owners of plantations and mines.

We have visions of a school here in the future, and I hope that Padre (Pied Piper) Flaherty will retain his musical touch, so that he will be able to pipe the youngsters into a classroom.

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

## ***The main issue***

WE think of the Twelve Apostles as unique men. So we find it difficult to imagine any call that could have seemed to them more important than the direct call they received from Christ Himself to leave all things and follow Him. Their history reveals that they were not distracted by other calls, although they doubtless had many.

They were men with the ordinary ties, interests, and obligations of other men. We do not know how much time and attention they gave to these side issues, but we do know that they did not let them interfere with the main issue. They understood that the claims of their divine vocation came first.

Their own families, near and dear as they were, came second. So did their own country, loved and cherished as it must have been. Sent out to convert the world, these men were debtors to all mankind. If they had curtailed their work for personal and particular calls, the whole of humanity would have been the loser.

The case is the same with their successors who are the missionaries of today. And the reason is that the call is the same.

## ***Victory Garden***

A RASH of Victory Gardens has appeared in the land. Dignified citizens of mature estate are the men behind the hoes; and small persons of not many summers have foregone swimming holes to stay home and tend the crops. Some promising vegetables have been pulled out with tender care—and weeds as carefully left in—by those who never saw a vegetable except on the dinner table.

Yet the bountiful earth has done its part, even if not very much assisted by the hand of man; and the net result is a welcome addition to the cupboard of the Nation, at a time when it needs all its resources.

Meanwhile, the real Victory Garden, of course, is being watered with the blood of our youth, as they go out to contest the possession of a world overrun with a rank and poisonous growth. In the mercy of God, they will win this other Waterloo. It may be that they prepared for it on the playing fields of other Etons, but that is slim consolation. We want, rather, to turn all the battlefields into playing fields.

So we tend the Victory Gardens, but we are more interested than ever in the gardens of peace planted over the world by the mission march of the Church. It is their flowering which will establish God's order, in place of man's disorder, and thus will give us back our youth.

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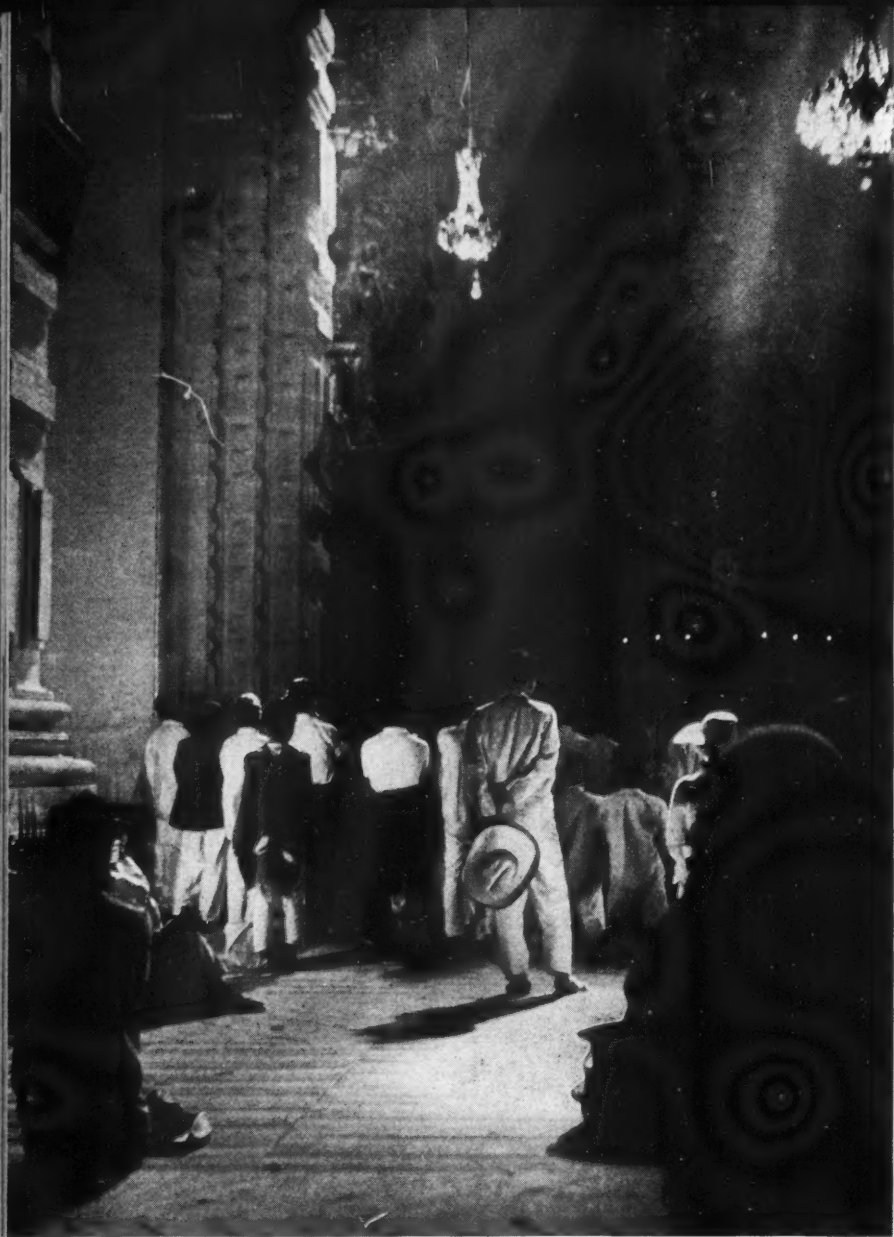
TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



### ***Episcopal Blessing at Guadalupe***

Under the famed and much loved picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Bishop Alonzo Escalante confers his first episcopal blessing upon the congregation which witnessed his consecration in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City.

Bishop Escalante has under his care the newly formed Vicariate of Pando, situated in the rough jungle land of northern Bolivia where the Amazon tributaries begin their cross-continent sweep. Bishop Escalante was a missionary in Manchukuo for over nine years before his assignment to South America. (See page 28 for story of consecration.)



*Glorious churches of Central America and their Indian worshipers are a lasting tribute to Spanish missionary enterprise*

## Central American highlands

by REV. CLARENCE J. WITTE

"WHERE do we go? When do we start?" That's how it was with Father Allié and myself, as we waited to learn the answers to both questions. For we knew only this about our new assignment—it was "somewhere in Central America."

But our curiosity was not to be satisfied—not yet. We were advised, by way of preparation for our coming assignment, to first make a studied survey of the country to the south of us. Six o'clock the following morning found us climbing into the local excuse for a bus.

The scenery was something we shall never forget. We climbed from two thousand feet to well over ten thousand. We lumbered past deep valleys, precipitous gorges, lakes set like jewels between towering volcanoes. The roads—and for dirt roads they are really fine—wiggled up and down the sides of mountains. As for the drivers, they've got to be good in order to survive. I remember one point where, coming around a hairpin curve, the grade was so steep as to shut out the skyline from the windshield. There had been no recent rain; the dust was terrific.

But more fascinating to us than the countryside were the Indians who passed us continually. They were on foot and always carrying something on their heads—firewood, fruit, textiles, pottery, a chicken or two. We noticed that the ability to balance heavy loads on the head with ease and grace begins early in life. One lassie of four or five years was walking along an uphill, cobblestone street, a tin cup full of water atop her little head. She kept looking around at us, chuckling and smiling, completely unconcerned as to her footing. All the while the little cup kept its

balance, and not a drop was spilled!

We visited an old Padre whose "parish" numbers sixty thousand Indians. He is a convert, a naturalized American citizen, and a former Benedictine. He had worked with his Indians for thirty-five years, and was ready to turn his mission over to us then and there, because, as he told us, he is beginning to feel his age.

In the villages, the womenfolk seemed perpetually engaged in laundering by the water's edge. We liked the colorful dress of the natives, but our chief impression was one of poverty.

Several times we came upon once glorious cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, now in sad states of disrepair. Earthquakes have wrought great havoc on these magnificent relics of Spanish missionary enterprise.

### *Plenty of work ahead*

On reaching the outskirts of a certain town, our driver blew the horn, though there was nothing in the way. Gradually we came to a stop, and then we saw for whom the signal was meant. A very old, one-legged man, apparently nearly blind, hobbled over to the bus to receive his alms from the driver. We gathered that the driver's act of kindness was a daily practice. Most of the passengers also gave the old man something. This striking manifestation of Christian charity made us very happy.

Bishops and clergy everywhere made us welcome, emphasizing how happy they would be to have us work with them among the Indians who have long been without a sufficient number of priests. Our nine-day field trip over, we returned, more ready than ever to get started "somewhere in Central America."



*The little lady with the strange hair-do is not sure about the photographer, but she knows Sister Rita Clare Comber (of Lawrence, Mass.) is a friend*

## One of us

by SISTER MARY IMELDA

**I**F OUR DAUGHTER is not happy at Laofuheo, we will take her home with us this very day," declared Mrs. Wong to her sister.

The sister agreed, glancing dubiously at the little gray stone structure which housed their daughter and niece. It was different indeed from the spacious dwelling of the wealthy Wongs.

"Nothing would do Maria but to go to live with those foreign nuns," Mrs. Wong lamented. "Her father was terribly angry. Well, Maria was frightened herself when it came to leaving us. Who knows what queer food and ways these Americans have?"

"The house does not look very foreign," ventured the aunt.

"No," admitted Mrs. Wong. "Look, here comes one of the foreign women!"

A young and smiling Maryknoll Sister was approaching the novitiate gate. "Come in, come in!" she greeted. "You wish to see one of the novices?"

"You speak the Hakka Chinese like one of ourselves," Mrs. Wong grudgingly stated. "We have come to see my daughter, Maria Wong."

The Sister led them to the stone house, and ushered her guests into a small room, where tools and boxes of food stock crowded a little desk and bookcase against the wall.

"This is my office," she announced. "How do you write at the desk?" queried Mrs. Wong. "There does not seem to be any space."

The Sister laughed. "I move the desk around," she said. "This is a small house, with many people in it."

The Chinese housewife noted that the crowded room was very clean. With an attempt to appear casual, she asked, "I suppose the Chinese novices here eat foreign food?"

"If they do, I don't know where they get it," the Sister stated cheerfully.

Maria's aunt now took up the con-



versation. "You eat Chinese food, too?"

"Yes, and thrive on it," smiled Sister Marcelline. "We have wheat flour, meat, green vegetables, fruit, and sweet potatoes. We make very good peanut butter; you must taste it. Come into our dormitory and see where Maria sleeps."

In the small dormitory there were eight beds. Each person had a drawer in a general locker. Mrs. Wong satisfied herself that the coverings of Maria's bed were immaculate.

"The Sisters sleep in another part of the house?" she asked.

Sister Marcelline shook her head, pointing to two beds curtained off in the darkest corner of the room.

Mrs. Wong was about to voice astonishment, when the Sister beckoned her to a window. She saw a group of novices returning from a walk. Maria was laughing, her arms full of wild flowers.

"It will be nice when Maria, too, gets the white veil," the girl's aunt said. "The novices look like my doves at home."

"We'll go and surprise Maria in the chapel," Sister Marcelline proposed.

The novices were already in the tiny, spotless chapel. Maria was arranging her flowers around a statue of the Blessed Virgin. With a great leap of the heart, Mrs. Wong saw that the Madonna had a Chinese face.

"You are one of us," she said to Sister Marcelline. "I no longer wish to take my daughter home."

## FARES, PLEASE!

for

### FIRST SISTERS TO NEW FIELDS

Sailing soon—or flying—as priorities permit, the first Maryknoll Sisters assigned to Panama and Bolivia are looking to their friends for aid. Every dollar counts. Will you help to speed them on their way?

Mother Mary Joseph, O.P.,  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... to speed a Sister to Latin America.

Name.....

Address.....

## Letters

"We enjoyed very much the story, 'Senor Pepito and the Crocodile', in your magazine. Perhaps someday one of us will be a Maryknoller. Let's hope so!"

—St. Mary School, Griffith, Indiana

"Will you please send me a couple more copies of the last issue of THE FIELD AFAR? The new form is so attractive! I gave my copy to a Quaker friend. I'd like to give away more. This grand little magazine can do a lot of good."

—A. L. H., Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

"It's a treat to receive your new magazine. The smaller size is ever so much more attractive and much more convenient to carry around, especially when one has only a few minutes now and then to peruse its contents. I look forward to welcoming each new issue."

—A. D. P., Concord, New Hampshire

"I like the new magazine, which came this morning. I think it is really much nicer than the other. It is so alive! It seems to make our religion look bright and shining, gay and friendly, and yet substantial.

"I like all those happy lads who go to your missions. No wonder they are so welcome in South America! So here's the monthly check to aid them in their work for souls."

—H. C. J., Bayonne, New Jersey



*As part of the centuries-old consecration ceremonies, the Most Reverend Luis Maria Martinez, Archbishop of Mexico City (right), places the episcopal ring on Bishop Escalante's finger*

## **Consecration at Guadalupe**

by REV. JOSEPH P. RYAN

ON the morning of May the ninth, a procession of twenty bishops and as many priests moved slowly from the sacristy of the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, on the border of Mexico City, stopped for a short visit in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and then went on into the gorgeous Byzantine church. The large edifice was crowded to the doors with representatives of the Americas, all intent on the ceremonies about to take place.

The Most Reverend Alonzo M. Escalante, Vicar Apostolic of Maryknoll's Pando Mission in Bolivia, was about to be consecrated as the Titular Bishop of Sora. The consecrating prelate was the Most Reverend Luis Maria Martinez, Archbishop of Mexico City. The co-consecrators were the Most Reverend Mariano S. Garriga, Coadjutor of Corpus Christi, Texas, and the Most

Reverend George J. Donnelly, Auxiliary Bishop of Saint Louis, Missouri. The sermon at the Mass was preached by the Most Reverend Miguel D. Miranda, Bishop of Tulancingo, Mexico.

### **Ancient shrine of the New World**

A more fitting site for the re-enactment of the ancient ceremony of the consecration of a bishop of the Church could not be imagined. There is no more sacred spot in the New World than the Shrine of Guadalupe.

From the time of the apparition of Our Lady to an Indian, Juan Diego, on December 9, 1531, and the miraculous imprint of her likeness on his coarsely woven cloak—which is at present enshrined over the high altar in the Basilica—the constant line of pilgrims continues down to the present day.

The Catholics of Central and South

America are more familiar with the story of Guadalupe than are we of the north. It is not surprising that Bishop Escalante, who is a native of Yucatan and a son of Mary's Knoll, should have chosen this shrine of Our Lady for the scene of his episcopal consecration. There is a pleasant surprise awaiting those who make their first visit to this American shrine of Our Lady. The strong faith and devotion which are so evident at the shrine can not but impress the visitor. One can not remain long at the shrine and retain any doubt regarding the strong faith of the Mexican people.

Undoubtedly, Bishop Escalante prayed, on the morning of his consecration, that his little flock in Bolivia might be enlivened with the same strong faith which he had so often witnessed in Mexico. Such was also the prayer of those who had gathered to witness his consecration.

In these days when so much stress is being placed on the necessity for Pan-American union and solidarity, the entire ceremony at Guadalupe was extremely significant. Bishop Escalante, a member of a North American missionary society, was being consecrated by the Archbishop of Mexico as the ordinary of a South American mission field. Here was a very definite example of unity of purpose and Faith which embraced the entire Western Hemisphere.

The chanting of the "*Ad multos annos*" by the newly consecrated Bishop to the consecrating prelate likewise had special meaning . . . a citizen of North America and Bishop of South America was wishing the Primate of the once-persecuted Mexican Church added years of service.

May the ceremony of consecration of Maryknoll's newest Bishop prove but a foreshadowing of the unity of Faith and ideals of the entire New World!

*At the Shrine of Guadalupe, Bishop Escalante is seated between his co-consecrators. Bishop Mariano S. Garriga, Coadjutor of Corpus Christi, Texas, is on the new Maryknoll prelate's right; and Bishop George J. Donnelly, Auxiliary of Saint Louis, Missouri, is on his left. Maryknoll's Father John M. Martin stands in the right corner of the picture*



## ***Chinese stamina***

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

**I**T IS STAMINA, mental rather than physical, that has enabled China to thrive on a six-year invasion exhausting to her enemy. The mere will to survive, or the consciousness of a righteous cause, could not have sustained China against overwhelming odds over such a long strain. The bare physical strength of her manpower could not have withstood the mechanized superiority of her enemy. But as both mental and physical stamina were combined with a Spartan philosophy of living, the endurance was without weakness, and the tension was never a strain to the point of incapacitating injury.

China retained her poise as only an agricultural nation can. After her countless homes were destroyed, she calmly rebuilt on the ruins. The slaughter of defenceless women and children in orgiastic spleen welded Chinese resistance to a united stand. There was never a moment's weakening of resolve. China is today unemotionally firm, and even better prepared to continue the country's reconstruction, formulated and begun in peace.

This stamina is inbred in the Chinese through generations of hard living. From birth to death, even moderately well-to-do Chinese, if not influenced by Western life, conform to a severe régime.

The furnishings of a middle-class home can be summed up in: wooden beds without mattresses; wooden, straightbacked chairs; a few tables; several large, boxlike containers; and a multitude of baskets. Tableware and kitchen equipment will include an



abundance of rice bowls and plates; two or three pots and several buckets; a cleaver and a wooden meatblock; a large pan to cook, fry, steam, and roast the meat and vegetables; and weighing scales. Pictures on the walls are rarely more than a few photographs and a calendar. There are some pots of flowers in the courtyard, and possibly a vase or two, to represent the arts. There may be a dozen books, all told, in the house. A dog and cat, five or more hens and ducks, and the inevitable pig enliven the place.

### ***Balanced simplicity***

Such is the Spartan simplicity of the average middle-class home in China. On entering it, one does not receive an impression of poverty, much less of unhappiness, any more than one would receive from the bare plainness of a monastery in other lands. It looks planned and balanced, with deliberate avoidance of frill or frippery. The Chinese enjoyment of life is in human beings, not in incidentals.

Even in social visits, the Chinese do not relax. Neither men nor women settle down to an afternoon's chat with folded hands, at their ease. Men will stand for an hour or so discussing news. The one pipe will be passed around, each contenting himself with a single filling and handing the pipe to his neighbor. The

women do not relax to even that extent, but chatter away while preparing the next meal, and their visitor joins in the chores naturally.

A grueling test of Chinese hardihood is the daily bath. In many homes the bathroom is out of doors, and is simply a cubicle of poor construction. In cold weather it conserves the north winds and intensifies their dampness. Though hot water is dipped from a bucket, the chilly atmosphere more than neutralizes the warmth. Yet this purifying ritual is rigorously gone through without fail.

### ***Cheerful economy***

After General Grant's two terms as President of the United States, he toured the Far East. He remarked on the ability of the Chinese to make long trips afoot with the simplest food sustaining them. What strikes a foreigner resident in the interior of China is the people's ability to eat the same, unvarying diet for weeks and months and years, with practically no change even in the method of preparing it. Several bowls of rice and an ounce or two of vegetables, with a side dish of soup consisting of the water they were boiled in—that is China's staple diet. The Chinese do not fill up on bread or potatoes or dessert. Sugar seems to be lacking completely in their diet, as are also milk and butter and fruit.

The national custom of tea-drinking can be best likened to the American habit of swallowing a glass of water off and on during the day. The tea is taken hot or cold, without milk or sugar, and though usually it is sipped slowly, the rite takes but a moment or two, as the teacups are minute.

Yet on such abstemious fare, the stu-

dent and laborer and farmer work steadily, and the coolie carries heavy loads all day. What the foreigner finds most trying about the daily meals is the long wait for "breakfast," until nine or ten o'clock, although school and work have begun at daybreak. Three hours' walk and work on an empty stomach would exhaust most Americans. Such a Spartan régime in eating is not due to poverty, but to custom, as even those who otherwise are liberal spenders content themselves with simple meals.

Such a prosaic enumeration of sparse living, however, fails to bring home the contented spirit with which the slim dieting is endured. It is a Chinese reaction as spontaneous as laughter to a Negro; and this economy permeates every act, without the puritanical moroseness. It expresses itself even in such unconscious states as sleeping and walking. No Chinese lounges, or sprawls, or slouches along, or sleeps beyond sunrise.

The oldest hag is sprightly on a narrow plank thrown across a stream. A toothless crony of uncertain age will hop into a rowboat that ferries the river, and land upright and smiling on the

square foot of space still vacant as the boat pushes off. Occasionally among Westerners there is found that attitude of not yielding to old age in creature comforts, but too often from the motive of not wishing to appear feeble or senile. Among the Chinese, where age is revered, the spryness of old folks does not ape

nimbleness, but comes from supple pliancy of co-ordinated nerves and muscles and a lifetime of effort.

Inconveniences that in Western lands would call for indignation and litigation are not so much suffered, as ignored, in China. The annual flooding



of the river that brings its turgid water waist-deep into hundreds of homes is philosophically accepted, with less comment than would be given a leaky faucet in America.

From such stock, then, is the staying power of the Chinese nation in war sustained. The Chinese were surprised into a war of aggression on their soil, as unprepared as ever a country could be. Yet the shock was absorbed without excessive excitement and ballyhooing. Of course, as in the period of the Thirty Years' War in Europe, whole regions were unaffected at times, and had leisure to plant crops in comparative peace. The country as a whole contracted and relaxed as the need arose, yet retained its consistency through its racial stamina. It was just this Chinese ability to adapt itself to the moment that was the undoing of Japan.

#### **China and "the Poverello"**

Regions beyond the lines of battle were bombed unmercifully to reduce morale, and in a more nervous community the Japanese might have achieved their aim. Throughout much of the more modernized eastern coastline, communications were paralyzed, and trade at a standstill in consequence. But almost overnight traffic was resumed in small ways in countless instances, until the total became a trickle and then a steady flow of improvised transport. The national spirit made it almost a game of hide-and-seek, not with grim humor but with actual Puckish wag-gery.

The stamina of China has that good-humored element in it of *the Poverello*: smiling hunger, nonchalance in pain, endurance unconscious of heroism. It is an impersonalized outlook on life. It is unselfish in the sense that it is more akin to romantic chivalry than to realistic materialism. It retains zest for adventure even in prosaic daily happenings, and keeps the nation supple.

## Three Minute Meditation

*"Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."*

—Mark XVI:15

ON ALL SIDES plans are now being proposed to straighten out this war-weary world of ours. Most of these plans have some good in them. But few include the main idea, without which their smaller, secondary ideas can never be effective.

The main idea is the idea of Christ. He came from His Father in heaven to teach all men that even the least human being is a child of God, worth more than the earth itself. He began the work. Then He left the rest of it to us—the privilege of passing that idea on to *all* men of *all* nations.

Strange, isn't it, that after almost two thousand years nearly two-thirds of humanity have still heard nothing about Him or His teachings?

From India recently came this respectful rebuke to us of the United States. It was made by an outstanding Hindu:

"Have you nothing better to offer us than machines? Has Western civilization no other gifts for us save the electric dynamo, the motor car, the locomotive, and the machine gun? We can get along without these; but we do need ideas that can benefit our people."

Why not try a "Three Minute Meditation" each day? It's easy. Make up your own. Read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute. You'll be surprised how much good can come from this practice.





## That will of yours

by REV. CHARLES F. MCCARTHY

take it." He got it, too. The law protected him.

It was not the law which was to blame in this particular instance. The law says, quite clearly, that it will do all in its power to protect the property of a person after his death. But it explains with equal clarity that it is *not* a *mind reader* and please to make a will.

When a will is properly made, the law of the state will see that it is followed out. A will should be made under the direction of a lawyer. Generally, the fee is around ten dollars and the lawyer protects the interests of the testator. He will state the requirements. Chief among them is the presence of two or three (better to have three, because some states require it) witnesses, to sign the document when it is completed.

*Charitable institutions are the first to suffer if a will is contested, and have no claim unless a correct will is made in their favor, no matter how ardently the testator wished to help in the work.*

**MAKE A WILL.** It is the only way to protect your own property after your death. The proper form of making Maryknoll one of your beneficiaries is as follows:

*"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.,\* of Maryknoll, New York ..... (Here insert amount of legacy.)*

*"This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated."*

\*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass. In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif. In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa. In Missouri, use: The Maryknoll Fathers, Inc., of St. Louis, Mo.

**A**LTHOUGH it may be true that sentiment does not stop at the grave, the legal aspects of a demise are cold and technical; especially if their repercussions are in any sense lucrative.

There was a case of a very pious old widow who had lived on the fund which her husband had provided for her. It was not a large amount and she thought, naturally, that she could give it away in her last worldly days and that would be the end of it.

Being perfectly sound in her mind, she told her closest friend what to do with her property, and having unburdened herself of her worldly impediments, tranquilly died. Included in her verbal bequests was a certain sum for Masses to be offered for her soul and another sum to a religious community in whose work she had taken part all during her life. It looked very simple.

There was, however, a nephew whom she had never seen. The relative arrived at the funeral, made sure that the deceased lady was his aunt, asked how much money she left and then said, "I'll take it." It was very simple.

The dear old lady's very good friend remonstrated. The nephew was duly respectful as the story was unfolded to him, but at the end he repeated "I'll



**At the request** of the Venezuelan President, Father Drought organized in the United States a Social Service Commission which met at Caracas, June, 1939, with representatives of the Venezuelan Government. With Father Drought in this picture are Mr. William E. Cotter, Counsel for Union Carbon and Carbide Corporation, New York City; Dean Carl W. Ackerman, Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University; and Miss Teresa Marie Gorka, Bureau of Child Welfare, Gary, Indiana

## Father Drought

**JAMES MATTHEW DROUGHT** was born in New York City, on November 18, 1896, before giant skyscrapers had made for Manhattan a unique skyline, but at a time when the metropolis offered rich opportunities for the youth of the world.

James Drought was always to love deeply the land of his birth, without jingoism, but with a firm faith in the essential strength of American idealism. At the close of his life, his faith found fulfillment in the heroism of American missionaries in the war zones and of American youth on battlefields of earth, ocean, and sky.

The English Catholic ancestry of his mother made James Drought an heir of the merry heart and fearless loyalty of Saint Thomas More, of the breadth and splendor of Shakespearean vision, and of the English love of nature. Irish wit and versatility came to him from his father. The Isle of Saints and Scholars also gave him Saint Patrick's paschal fire of the love of souls.

### *Universal sympathies*

His ambitions were molded by his Catholic family and his Catholic education. After attending the Blessed Sacrament Grammar School and Cathedral College, he entered Saint Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie. As the time of his ordination approached, his desire to spend himself and to be spent for Christ and souls led him on to become a missionary. He was ordained for Maryknoll in 1921, by the late Cardinal Hayes.

Father Drought was tall. His laugh was carefree and heartwarming, his singing voice of exceptional range and beauty. He gestured with expressive hands, and all his movements were

swift. Dark, unruly hair did not wholly conceal a forehead of fine mold. His eyes, deep-set under black brows, were light blue. Singularly piercing, they became gentle in charity or in sensitive response to beauty. When he was not smiling, his firm mouth was an index of strength.

Those who knew Father Drought in the early days at Maryknoll will remember him, as will his hundreds of friends of all the years, especially for his all-embracing charity. Charity colored his whole life with chivalry. As he himself wrote, "Charity is the activity of perfect manners."

His first loyalty was to his service of God in Maryknoll, but his sympathies were universal. They reached out to the Negroes, to the Jews, to the people of Russia, to the oppressed Christians of Germany, to all the millions of sufferers in the present world conflict.

In conversation, he had the rare gift of drawing out the best in the other person. He opened wide vistas of thought and vision, while leading his companion on. He was genuinely interested in opinions contrary to his own, because of his priestly respect for the human soul. Argument with him was mentally exhilarating, without ever exceeding the bounds of charity.

During his first years as a Maryknoll priest, Father Drought served as professor at our Preparatory Seminary and in the Major Seminary. In 1923, he took a postgraduate course at the Catholic University in Washington, in preparation for specialized educational work in Maryknoll mission fields.

His first overseas assignment was to the Society's Kongmoon Mission, in South China, where he arrived in 1924.



*"The missionary is an Assisian troubadour, singing along the once-forgotten byways of the world, 'Hosanna to the Son of David, Hosanna!'"*

Like all novice missionaries, he found it a great handicap not to be able to speak the language of the people, but he was keenly aware of the necessity of preaching by example.

"What does a missionary need most?" he asked himself. "Mortification, prayer, and charity in *all* his actions towards others. Skies may change, but the need of self-subjection, never."

During Father Drought's Kongmoon days, he became united in close friendship with one of Maryknoll's first mission band, Father Francis X. Ford. On the Feast of Saint Francis of Assisi, 1925, Father Ford and he reached Kaying, to open a new Maryknoll South China mission among the Hakka Chinese. The first Maryknollers in this field were handicapped by lack of a

language book. Father Drought set himself tirelessly to work to overcome this difficulty.

Father Ford wrote of the book compiled by Father Drought, "It is the most thorough arrangement of Chinese grammar that I have seen in any language, and the lessons are also unique in their inclusion of all Catholic terms."

The following year brought Father Drought a call to educational work in the Philippines. Kaying remained dear to him. He preached a retreat to the Kaying missionaries in 1934, while making a visitation of Maryknoll missions for the Society's Superior General; and, in 1935, he had the happiness of preaching at Bishop Ford's consecration.

In Manila the Archbishop entrusted to Father Drought and his Maryknoll companions the care of archdiocesan halls of residence for Catholic students attending Government schools and universities. The Maryknollers directed the students spiritually and did catechetical work among them.

Father Drought was active in the cause of a strong Catholic press in the Philippines. He urged increased American Catholic participation in the social life and thought of the Islands, and believed that the Church in the United States should send many more missionaries to work among the Filipinos. He was a staunch advocate of Philippine independence.

In 1929, he was among the delegates called to the Society's first General

Chapter, at Maryknoll, New York. He was elected to the Central Council, and also served the Society as Treasurer. His unusual financial ability made him invaluable to Maryknoll during the difficult depression years.

Father Drought did not yield to his natural disappointment in being recalled from the missions. In the last months of Bishop James Anthony Walsh's life, Father Drought was the co-founder's chief confidant and unfailing support. At the Hong Kong Chapter, following Bishop Walsh's death, Father Drought was elected Vicar General of the Society, in 1936.

On the return trip from Hong Kong, his spine was fractured in a plane crash near the Island of Crete. He was under hospital treatment for more than a year. From then on, he was never without suffering, and he knew that death might come to him at any moment.

#### **Vicar General**

It was in those last years that Father Drought's mental and spiritual powers were most apparent. A spirit of courage infused with life everything he did. Ceaselessly he drove his broken body on in the task of assisting Maryknoll's new Superior General in the interpretation and carrying out of the plans and ideals of the Society's founders.

In this he was impersonal, as only those motivated by the fire of charity can be. In the fearless performance of his Father's business, he was ready to sacrifice, if need be, human understanding and sympathy. In an ultimate sense, as is true of every essentially priestly soul, he was, amid many friendships, often lonely.

In 1939, Father Drought organized the Social Service Commission to Venezuela, of which Bishop John O'Hara was president. From then on, he was convinced that a great work for souls awaited Maryknoll in Latin America. Father Drought aided in countless ways

Maryknoll beginnings in the countries south of the Rio Grande.

In recent months he was also tireless in the work of getting funds to the missionaries of the Far East—not only to Maryknoll missionaries, but to all Catholic missionaries in that distant war zone.

In the midst of his many activities, Father Drought was executive editor of this magazine. His articles were masterful in scope and power of thought. Beautiful in simplicity is his "Prayer for the Children of China,"\* published in our May issue.

#### **The greatest is charity**

The greatest earthly tribute to Father Drought's work for Maryknoll is the affection in which he was held by the Society's Superior Generals.

Bishop James Anthony Walsh said of him, "He is not only our Treasurer, but our treasure."

At his Vicar General's funeral Mass, Bishop James Edward Walsh spoke in moving words of Father Drought's selfless and devoted collaboration: "His vocation filled a role in the life and development of Maryknoll second only to that of the founders themselves. He was the preserver of the Maryknoll ideal, as Bishop Walsh and Father Price were the originators of it."

Father Drought died in the joy of Easter week and on the first of the month of Mary, Our Lady of Maryknoll. His devotion to the Mother of God was at once virile and childlike. The image of her he liked best was the *Pieta* of Michelangelo.

"Faith, hope and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity." —(*I Corinthians XIII: 13*). For Father Drought, the expectations of faith and hope have been fulfilled; he needs them no more. But charity, the strongest trait of his priestly soul, will abide with him forever in the changeless friendship of the God of Love.

\*See page 18.

*A daily feature in The Hartford Times is "The Outside Column," by "Nutmeg." Recently it carried the following story about one of Vermont's native sons, now a Maryknoll priest in China.*

## **Father Pouliot**

**W**E HAVE often wondered where Father Pouliot is and how he is faring. There are not many folks hereabouts to whom his name means anything, but there are hundreds scattered about the country to whom it might bring recollections of an interesting incident in which he and they figured.

Despite our interest we never met Father Pouliot. Our acquaintance with him is indirect. It is through his father, who is one of the friends in the West River Valley with whom we always pause for a chat whenever we are in his neighborhood. He runs the hardware store and gasoline station hard by the village green in Townshend. Scores of Hartford motorists have doubtless stopped to fill up at his station before going on up the valley. If they stopped there during the days following the 1938 hurricane, when they were trying to travel one way or the other over blocked and bridgeless roads, they found that he could deliver gas when most other stations couldn't.

### ***His pumps never fail***

Mr. Pouliot employs hand pumps. That makes some folks a bit impatient, even though they are going nowhere in particular, because it takes a few seconds longer to fill a tank. But when electricity fails in the valley, as it sometimes does during thunder showers and at other times, his pumps still work. They were working in the days after the trees leveled by the hurricane had broken down wires and cut off the current.

Mr. Pouliot is easy to get acquainted with. Perhaps we shouldn't have made

the discovery, but for the fact that we spent many a boyhood vacation on a hill farm in a corner of his town and we know a good many folks there, as well as recall a good many that are dead and gone but whom he knew.

Naturally, through these conversations, we learned about Mr. Pouliot's family, especially about the boy who was then in school, and who a little later was studying for the priesthood and then was graduated from the missionary college at Maryknoll, New York. A little later we read in our favorite weekly about his saying his first Mass as a priest and the event it was in the valley. On our next inquiry we learned that the young man was on the high seas on the way to enter the mission field in China, where, later, the war caught him.

### ***The phone call came through***

It was at that time we heard of the incident which might interest the many about the country who took part in it.

Father Pouliot had been in Townshend to say his farewells to his friends and his father had seen him off at New York on the start of the journey that was to end in the strange land in the Far East.

Then, a few days later, the telephone rang in Townshend, late one night. Mr. Pouliot arose from his bed and answered. The call was from his son. Father Pouliot had reached San Francisco and was visiting the Golden Gate Exposition. There, as at the World's Fair in New York which ran simultaneously, the telephone company's exhibit included a room in which the



drawers of lucky numbers were privileged to call, free of expense, anyone in the country they wished to, in the midst of a privacy about equal to that enjoyed by a goldfish.

There were always hundreds present at the exhibit and at the front of the hall was a huge map of the United States on which lines of light showed the progress of the call as the connections were set up. Numerous sets of earphones were provided so that whoever would could listen in on the conversation which the lucky number-holder had with whom-ever he had thus called, unexpectedly.

Father Pouliot's boat was sailing next day and naturally enough he elected to call his father and say goodbye again. So the interested watchers in San Francisco saw the finger of light trace the call across the continent to a tiny hamlet in Vermont which few of them probably ever had heard of, and listened while a young priest bound for far-off China to be a missionary said his farewell to his parent. It must have been an experience to stick in the memories of the listeners. Doubtless many of them said a prayer for the success and safety of the young man.

As it turned out Father Pouliot had need of the supplications. He was sent to Hong Kong and he had hardly had an opportunity to get well started on his work when the Japanese attack started. There were days and weeks when his friends heard nothing of his fate. Many were the worries about him. Finally, there came the word that he was safe,

and later the news that he was in Kwangtung, although the place name meant little to his father and told nothing of whether he was a prisoner at the mercy of the Japanese or in a locality that had not yet been overrun by them.

At the beginning of the year a letter came, written in October with the hope that it would reach Townshend by Christmas. Father Pouliot is not in custody. Kwangtung is in Free China and he is still engaged in his missionary work, hearing very little in that area about the war which is China's veritable life struggle, strange as that lack of excitement there may seem here.



*Father Francis A. Pouliot, a Maryknoller from Townshend, Vermont*

Father Pouliot was in Hong Kong when the Japanese struck. He was obliged to flee hastily by plane, with few of his belongings, but he was enabled to continue the work for which he was sent and he is now established in his own pastorate.

Perhaps when we next visit the valley, which is about as remote from China and a war-torn world as anything could be, although scores of its sons are in the conflict—some of them in the Australia where our uncle, from the same valley, settled after seeking his fortune in California in the gold craze of '49—perhaps we shall then have the privilege of reading Father Pouliot's letter telling of his experiences, or even a later one.

At least we shall be able to congratulate his good father on the relief from anxiety the good news has brought him.

## Pedro pumps a tire

by WILKIE GORDON



PEDRO sat on a flat rock and removed his heavy shoes. His socks followed, and he folded them and tucked one in the toe of each boot. There was a sigh of relief as the mountain breeze caressed his emancipated feet, and he wiggled their terminal digits in the ecstasy of freedom. Had Pedro been of the Hibernian persuasion instead of South American Indian, he would have danced a jig.

"It is a shame to wear shoes," he said aloud, to no one in particular. "If we had feet like a jaguar, we could walk much better."

Pedro was tall and straight as a sapling; his shoulders were broad, and he had the build of an athlete. Strength rippled under his tawny skin, and he walked with the grace of a mountain lion.

Although Pedro was sublimely lazy in the completion of workaday duties, he was, by far, the leading man of the village. If Pedro had loved himself one quarter as much as he loved his fellow men, he would have been a *político*

with a bright uniform and a fine office to sit in. But Pedro was satisfied with his small garden and house and, above all else, with the ruins of the great Cathedral of San Francisco that was hidden away in the jungle outside Chica. Almost every day Pedro went to the Cathedral and worked about the altar of Our Lady that through the centuries had retained its beauties, despite the humid, corrosive elements of the jungle land. While he worked near the statue, he carried on a vivacious conversation with it that was chatty and light, but so deeply respectful that it was almost sacramental in its character.

During the previous week he had become, for the first time in many months, quite restive. His little village of Chica seemed unduly small, and the mountain roads beckoned.

"I think, Beautiful Lady," he said to the statue one morning, "I will go for a trip to visit the people beyond the mountains."

He seemed to hesitate for a moment,

as if he expected the Lady to reply.

"Alonzo will be glad to see me," he continued. "You know, Beautiful Lady, Alonzo has a fine shop. He sells tortillas to people who are on the road, and also he sells the petrol to people who have automobiles."

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The decision was made, and Pedro was well over the top of the mountain, when he sat down to rest and to remove his shoes. The bitter cold of the mountain tops had suggested warm clothing for the trip. Pedro's additional wardrobe, however, consisted solely of shoes and socks. They would serve a double purpose. They would protect his feet against the icy cold stones of the high altitude, and they would also give him a certain standing in the community where Alonzo lived. There was a formality to being shod.

"Ho, Alonzo!" Pedro cried, when he was in hailing distance of the merchant's wayside shop.

Alonzo ran down the road to greet Pedro, and the two men embraced warmly. "I have been waiting a long time to see you, Pedro. There must be much news."

They walked to the filling station, and Alonzo poured coffee for them both. When they had exhausted the news, Alonzo asked Pedro if he would watch the filling station for him while he went on an errand.

While Alonzo was away, Pedro busied himself by examining the gasoline pump and the small instruments used for minor repairs on an automobile. There was a noise in the distance. Pedro looked down the road and saw an automobile approaching the filling station. It turned in and drew up alongside the gasoline pump. A middle-aged man was at the wheel and two ladies, evidently his wife and daughter, occupied the rear.

When the fourth passenger emerged,

Pedro's eyes widened, as he saw the apparel of a young man somewhere in his teens who had been riding alongside the driver. He had on a broad-brimmed, black hat with a bright yellow ribbon. Padded shoulders gave him an appearance that would make Atlas sick with envy, and his coat extended almost to his knees. Below, the trousers—very wide and baggy—tapered down to a snug, garterlike tightness around his ankles. A pair of highly polished shoes on one end, and a singularly vacant face on the other end, completed the picture. It was Pedro's first sight of a modern youth in a "zoot suit."

"Fill 'er up," said the driver to Pedro.

"Fill who up, señor?"

"Why, fill up the car. What do you think?"

"Oh, yes, señor. What shall I fill her with?"

The gentleman lapsed into a flow of half-audible language and at the same time made impatient gestures towards the gasoline tank. Pedro paid him little heed, however, because he was watching the young lady of the party. She smiled sweetly at Pedro, dug into a cavernous bag, extracted several instruments, and began to apply a particularly gaudy shade of lipstick. Her brother whistled a strangely barbaric tune and jerked his shoulders as he practiced dance steps on the ground. He paid absolutely no attention to the car or the people.

Pedro knew the secret of the gasoline pump; he had seen Alonzo work it before. When the hose had been inserted in the proper aperture, he blithely wound the handle and listened to the petrol gurgle into the tank. When the gas began to gush out, he stopped winding.

"There, señor. It is all fillerup."

"Okay, boy." The gentleman was beginning to enjoy himself. "Now look at my tires."

Pedro walked around the car and observed each tire minutely. When he had finished his tour of inspection, he returned to await further orders.

"How do the tires look, boy?"

"They are very beautiful, señor. But they are very dirty, and sometime I think they could be washed."

The young lady giggled and the father looked at her frowningly. He did not laugh at Pedro any more. What he saw in Pedro was not stupidity, but a certain freshness that came from the open country.

"The tire in the rear is pretty low. I think you'll have to blow it up a little bit."

Pedro followed the direction of the gentleman's finger and then dropped to his knees to inspect the tire more closely. He saw the small valve and shook his head in perplexity. Then the humor of the situation struck Pedro. He stood up, laughing, and said, "I don't think I can blow that hard."

Just then, he saw Alonzo running across the road. "Here is Alonzo, señor. He will take care of everything."

But the driver of the car was still interested in Pedro. There was more respect in his voice when he spoke again. In fact, even now, he was ashamed of having called this handsome young giant "boy."

"Do you live near here?" he asked.

"I live one day's journey from here, señor, in a village called Chica. Many years ago it was a very large village. There were schools and taverns, and great *fiestas* were held. The Padres from Spain built the schools."

"Are the schools still there?"

"Oh, no. The Padres who ran the churches and the schools were arrested by the soldiers and thrown in prisons. Then there was nobody left to teach in the schools, and the churches began to fall apart."

There was a touch of enthusiasm in Pedro's voice as he spoke of the Cathed-

ral of San Francisco and the statue of Our Lady. Immediately the traveler wanted to go to Chica.

"Is there a road to Chica?" he asked.

"The road is not wide enough for your automobile. You could go on ponies, or else walk. You would be very happy to see Chica, señor."

This was the most attractive thing that had come the traveler's way since the trip began, and he was deeply interested. He looked wistfully at the range of mountains, paid Alonzo, thanked Pedro graciously, and continued on his journey.

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"Hey, Pop!" the young man became animated for a moment. "Did you see that Indian guy looking at the tire as if he wanted to blow it up with his mouth? Wasn't he a scream, Pop? Boy! Was he dumb!"

The father was wishing that right now he could be traveling the mountain road with Pedro, to visit Chica and the ruins of the glorious old Cathedral of San Francisco. His mind went back to his early manhood when he had dreamed a dream of the far places, away from the cities, where the air was clean and where the forests were thick, the mountains high, and the water made music in clear, crisp tones as it spilled from the lofty streams; the great, limitless, untroubled world where strong men sang their happiness and weak men whimpered in fear. Pedro's lean, strong body and laughing eyes had made him think of these things.

"I thought that the Indian was a very intelligent young man," he replied coldly.

"Gee, Pop, Chica must be a hick place! I'd go nuts in a place like that."

"Yes, I know you would."

The mother was the only one to catch the import of the last remark. "Now, Charles," she said, "there's no need to be sarcastic."



*"The Indians hastened to bring the children to the temporary medical centers"*

## **Coöperation wins the day**

by REV. JOHN J. LAWLER

"**W**HY should bread be so expensive, and life so cheap?" The man who asked that question might well have been a native of the Pando, Bolivia.

In the United States, an epidemic of whooping cough among the little ones brings discomfort, but hardly fear of death. Here, where there is widespread undernourishment and poverty, the situation is quite otherwise. Up in Riberalta, fifteen children died of whooping cough in two days. The epidemic was spreading to Cochabamba, and we made up our minds that something would have to be done about it before it struck here in Calacala.

Dr. Payne, head of the American Medical Commission here, told us that he wanted to inoculate the children of the area, but the Indian parents would not permit him to do so. We knew that our people have a superstitious fear of modern medicine, so we

set out to support the doctors. Newspapers donated space to the campaign. Announcements about the injections were made at all the Sunday Masses.

When the Indians saw that the Padres were urging the injections, they concluded the treatment must be all right. They hastened to bring the children to the temporary medical centers. We now have good hope that the little ones of Calacala will escape the dread disease.

A few days ago, one of our Indian girls was badly injured in an accident. I visited her in the hospital, where she was in great pain. When I asked the doctor if sulfanilimide was being used, he said there was none in Bolivia.

The American Medical Commission is expecting some. Dr. Payne is so grateful for our coöperation in fighting the whooping-cough epidemic, that he has promised us a whole carton of sulfanilimide for our mission dispensary as soon as the shipment comes in.

## ***His mother said, "No!"***

by REV. JAMES G. KELLER

**J**ACK was finishing his sophomore year. He had decided not to return to Fordham in the fall. Instead, he planned to enter the Maryknoll Seminary, to prepare himself to be a missionary. A short time before, we had given him an application form, which had to be filled out before he could be accepted.

He came in one day, telling us that the application was completed in every detail except one. His mother had refused her permission. The application said the permission was necessary. Jack assured us that his mother's "No!" was definite, unmistakable. China, she said, would have to get along without him.

Jack's face showed the problem was a vexing one for him. He was torn between two strong impulses. He wanted to go out into the world and help others, but he had a deep love for his mother, too.

The problem was not a new one for us. Not infrequently well-meaning parents have laid down the law to us, stating that their sons shall not be allowed to go to fields afar. So we had much sympathy for Jack. Yet we had an obligation to guide him and to help him reach a decision on which might rest the destiny of thousands of people.

### ***It surprised Jack***

"Jack," we told him, "Christ said to go out to the whole world. I can't imagine your mother, as a follower of Christ, saying, 'Don't go.' She doesn't really mean that. It's just the reaction of the first shock; she is thinking of your being far away and separated from her. She doesn't get the point. Why, think what Christ is doing if He

does choose you, her son, to represent Him among millions of human beings who will never know Him unless young men like you go to them in His name.

"Take it from this angle, Jack. Picture a young Nazi who comes to his mother, also devoted to the cause, for permission to go out and spread Nazi ideas over the face of the earth. Can you imagine such a mother standing in the way of her son? No. She'd say: 'What are you waiting for? Go to it, my boy! Go!—by all means!'

"Christ, you know, didn't put a mileage limit on that word—*Go*. He didn't say: 'You needn't go here—or there. You don't have to cross the seas; never mind the peoples in the far-off places!' On the contrary, Christ was most explicit. 'Going, therefore, teach all nations.' Not just some, not a few, but *ALL*. He meant what He said.

"One more thing, Jack. You can look all through the Gospels, and we wager you won't find any place where Christ said you don't have to go if your mother doesn't want you to. But you will find that He put it down very definitely that the person He calls should not let father, brother, mother, sister, uncle, aunt, or anyone else cause him to waver. He couldn't have been more emphatic about this, Jack.

"But this is *your* problem, Jack. It isn't for us to urge you or to push you. All we can do is give you a bit of advice. It's your mind and you have to make it up. But don't overlook the tremendous responsibility that God may be offering you. He may be entrusting to you the destiny, for time and eternity, of 10,000, or 50,000, or maybe 100,000 human beings.



"Just one thought before you go, Jack. One little message we should like to send to your mother. When you get back home, tell her that we suggest she pick out some quiet room in the house, lock the door, and then kneel down in the middle of the room and with outstretched arms pray for a full hour. Her prayer is to be in thanksgiving to God that He has blessed her with a son who in these times is anxious to go out into the far corners of the earth and put into the hearts of as many men as possible the goodness and fineness she has

put into him. Good-by, Jack."

A few days later Jack came back. He breezed into the room. Before he could say a word, we said it for him.

### ***She changed her mind***

"You don't have to tell us, Jack. It's written all over your face. Your mother's changed her mind. Right?"

Jack beamed. "Right!"

"Grand! You've made your first convert. All you have to do now is to go out and make a few thousand more."



### ***Allies indulge in high jinks***

*As remote from each other as two nations can be, the peoples of China and America are united by a close bond. To a large extent, the missioner is responsible for the feeling of comradeship which prevails between the two peoples.*

*At one time, China was closed territory to every outside nation. The persistence of the missioners eventually brought about the opening of China's gates to Catholic culture, and contributed largely to the good will China has shown the Western nations. The union of China and America is a friendly, beneficial union, which neither our country nor the land of the four hundred millions has ever had cause to regret.*

## The stubborn cow

by REV. ALBERT J. NEVINS

**D**RAW A LINE on your war map, starting from southern Chekiang, west to Ichang on the Yangtze River, then south to where China and Indo-China hold rendezvous along the sea. Then follow the coast back north into Chekiang. You have enclosed a district of Free China that is being studied by the War Department in Tokyo and by the War Department in Washington. Your line encloses four Maryknoll bishops, a Passionist bishop, and two Vincentian bishops, with their many hundred American priests and Sisters.

On your war map, about halfway between Hong Kong and Kwangchowan, is the city of Yeungkong. We have just received news, at Maryknoll in New York, of our missionaries in that ancient walled city.

Before Pearl Harbor, the Japanese threw a few shells and bombs into the city. Since then priests, Sisters, orphans, and mission staff have taken to flight with each threat of a Japanese visit to Yeungkong. The last flight from the city was three weeks ago.

At ten o'clock that night, Father's houseboy started pounding the convent gate. He had come to tell the Sisters to pack their things. Japanese warships had been sighted coming into the harbor. Father Rechsteiner would say Mass in the chapel at one o'clock in the morning; the Blessed Sacrament would be consumed; and then they would have to be away quickly. All the orphans over seven were to go with the Sisters.

From ten o'clock until one in the morning great haste was made to pack essentials for the flight. Then everyone went to the chapel for Mass. Afterwards, following a quick snack, the party was ready to start. The Fathers sent their houseboy with baggage and blankets. The gardener, who had grown up in our orphanage, also joined the fugitives; he was leading a yearling heifer which belonged to the mission. The priests stayed at Yeungkong, but were to catch up with the others the following day if the Japanese should try to occupy the city.

### Flight to Helen's home

The narrow path leaving the city was bathed in moonlight. The shadows creeping alongside the procession made the flight more eerie. The frightened orphans only whispered.

Suddenly the mission heifer refused to budge. Pulling, pushing, and beating failed to move the stubborn beast. Sister Candida Maria, who knew the tricks of the pretty milkmaid, stepped over and gave the heifer's tail a good twist. The beast lurched away from the boy holding the

rope, and went galloping off through the fields. Sister Dolorosa stayed to watch the baggage, while the rest of the grownups chased the cow. After the roundup, the heifer was persuaded to move merely by a gesture towards twisting her tail.

A half-blind orphan lagged behind.



*Father Maurice A. Feeney, of Albany, N. Y., received the Yeungkong "caravan"*

Sister Candida Maria fell back to keep the child company. The others got out of hearing, and the laggards had to run along the narrow paths between the rice fields to catch up. They hurried, spurred on by the thought that brigands were constantly robbing fleeing refugees.

All night and all next day, the Sisters plodded along with their orphans, their luggage, and their cow. Finally they arrived at a Catholic village, and the Sisters went to Helen's house. Helen had been raised at the mission orphanage until her wedding day, and was happy to see the Sisters again.

The next morning, Father Rechsteiner sent word for the fugitives to return: the Japanese warships in the harbor had steamed away.

Not quite halfway home, Sister Candida Maria fell and sprained her ankle. She went limping along, aided with a stick picked up by the roadside. The pain stabbed, as the ankle puffed out with the seven miles of hiking. When she reached Yeungkong, Sister went to bed with hot packs on the ankle.

#### **Travel by "taxi"**

Suddenly, at nine o'clock the following morning, bombers were sighted coming in from the ocean. Sister Candida Maria hobbled down to the ground floor, where all huddled together. Father Joyce rushed in and ordered everyone to lie down. He gave general absolution, and as he made the sign of the cross, bombs fell in the immediate vicinity. The group was shrouded in dust and smoke. The bombardment was a near miss.

As soon as the planes had gone, Father Rechsteiner ordered all back to

the country. This time even the baby orphans were to go. The orphans too small to walk were put into round carrier baskets. These have four ropes, and are hung on both ends of a carrier's shoulder pole. The babies were chirping like young robins in nests, as the carriers' walk rocked them up and down.

Sister Candida Maria came limping on the scene. Father Rechsteiner said, "Wait. I'll call a 'taxi' for the level part, and you'll only have to walk the hilly road at the end."

The South China bicycles that make a business of carrying people for hire are humorously

called "taxis." The Fathers watched the balancing act of Sister Candida Maria. With a hurricane lamp, three umbrellas, numerous packages, and a walking stick, she perched herself precariously on the baggage frame of the bicycle.

Father Rechsteiner said, "The only thing lacking in that performance was that Sister didn't balance the cane on her chin as she rode away."

At the foothills the "taxi" driver was paid. From there on, Sister limped her way back to Helen's house. When it was almost morning, the priests, the gardener, and others who had remained behind at the mission arrived.

After breakfast the motley caravan prepared to move many miles farther inland, to a mission where Father Feeney is pastor. The Japanese bombed Yeungkong again that morning, and people fleeing from the region told the priests later that two bombs had landed on the mission.

Father Rechsteiner remarked with a sorry smile: "I suppose that is the end of my heifer! I knew I shouldn't have left her behind."



*Father A. J. Rechsteiner, of Williamsport, Pa., owner of the stubborn cow*

## MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

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**One baptism** is a greater event than the creation of the world. Support a native priest in Kaying, and baptize some soul through his hands. \$15 a month; \$150 a year.

**When the war is over**, it may be too late. Many Chinese are dying of starvation *now*. Will you be responsible for one of the aged? \$5 a month is needed.

**Pews wanted**, writes Father Lawler from Calacala, Bolivia, "in which the people can sit and squirm while we preach." \$25 each.

**Our Indians have come** from a far distance—even from the wild haunts of the forest primeval, and that not so very long ago. They possess the Faith, but need instruction in Catholic doctrine. Two hundred Catechisms are needed; \$50 will buy them.

**The aftermath** for the Catholic Church in China will depend on what we give *now*. Will you support a native Sister for one month? \$15.

**Thanks to good benefactors**, several Maryknoll chapels are now being erected in South America. You can duplicate one of these for \$500.

**Help the Church** in an hour of crisis, and ensure her future progress in mission fields, by keeping catechists on the job *now*. \$15 a month, \$150 a year, supports one.

**The tide of suffering** is constantly rising in China. If we can take it at the flood, and supply the much-needed medicines for our dispensaries, the influence of the Catholic Church will be immeasurable. \$10 will be a big help.

**We can't have** all we want, if the war is to be won and souls are to be saved. Buy War Bonds for Uncle Sam and give them, stringless, for the salvation of souls.

**Send your prayers heavenwards**. Thurible (\$25) and incense and charcoal (\$25) needed in Central America.

**Seventeen to one**. Father O'Brien took 17 sick Chinese soldiers into his three-room house. He instructed and baptized 2 before their death, and cured the other 15. Results? Many inquiries about the Catholic doctrine. Local merchants raised money to buy some medicines. More are needed. Can you supply \$5 worth?

**Just plain, honest-to-goodness** glass needed to keep out the mountain breezes in the Cavinass church, Bolivia. \$12 a window.

**The rice line of 1,300** in Kweilin get a lesson in catechism daily, along with their rice. Several hundred are now ready for baptism. \$5 is needed monthly to feed each of these "regulars."

**Children of 4 and 5 years** are being abandoned in the streets of Yungui now. \$5 will feed a war orphan for a month.

**It may have been** your prayers and sacrifices that brought baptism to the leper who died in Father Joyce's arms. Hundreds of lepers at Ngai Moon are still unbaptized. Your \$5 this month can bring food, and possibly the Bread of Life, to one of these.

**Next to a priest** in the family is a priest by adoption. He remembers you every morning at the altar. For \$1,500, some native student can owe you his entire education to the priesthood.

**No more "gas"?** Then why not use the \$15 to support a native seminarian in Kongmoon for a month, and so give souls a ride to heaven?

## ***Needed for the Jungle Missions***

### ***Camping equipment***

Pup tent	\$10.00
Kerosene lantern	1.60
Folding cot	7.50

### ***Sleeping equipment***

Sleeping bag	\$12.00
Blankets (2)	each 8.50
Mosquito nets (2)	each 6.50
Face net	1.50
Kapok pillow	1.25

### ***Personal equipment***

Leggings (2 pairs)	each \$2.50
Khaki trousers	4.00
Riding breeches	5.00

### ***Eating equipment***

Set of camp cooking utensils	\$20.00
Hunting knife	3.00
Water canteen	1.75
Camp axe	2.25
Duffle bag	3.85





**These All-American students at the Maryknoll Preparatory Seminary come from Irish, English, Swedish, German, French, and Japanese parents; and they live in widely scattered States. They are striking proof that men of different nations and races can work towards a common purpose—the principle upon which America and the Catholic Church are founded. The boys of America have a place at Maryknoll.**

**If you are interested, write to: *Father McCarthy, Maryknoll, P.O., N.Y.***



